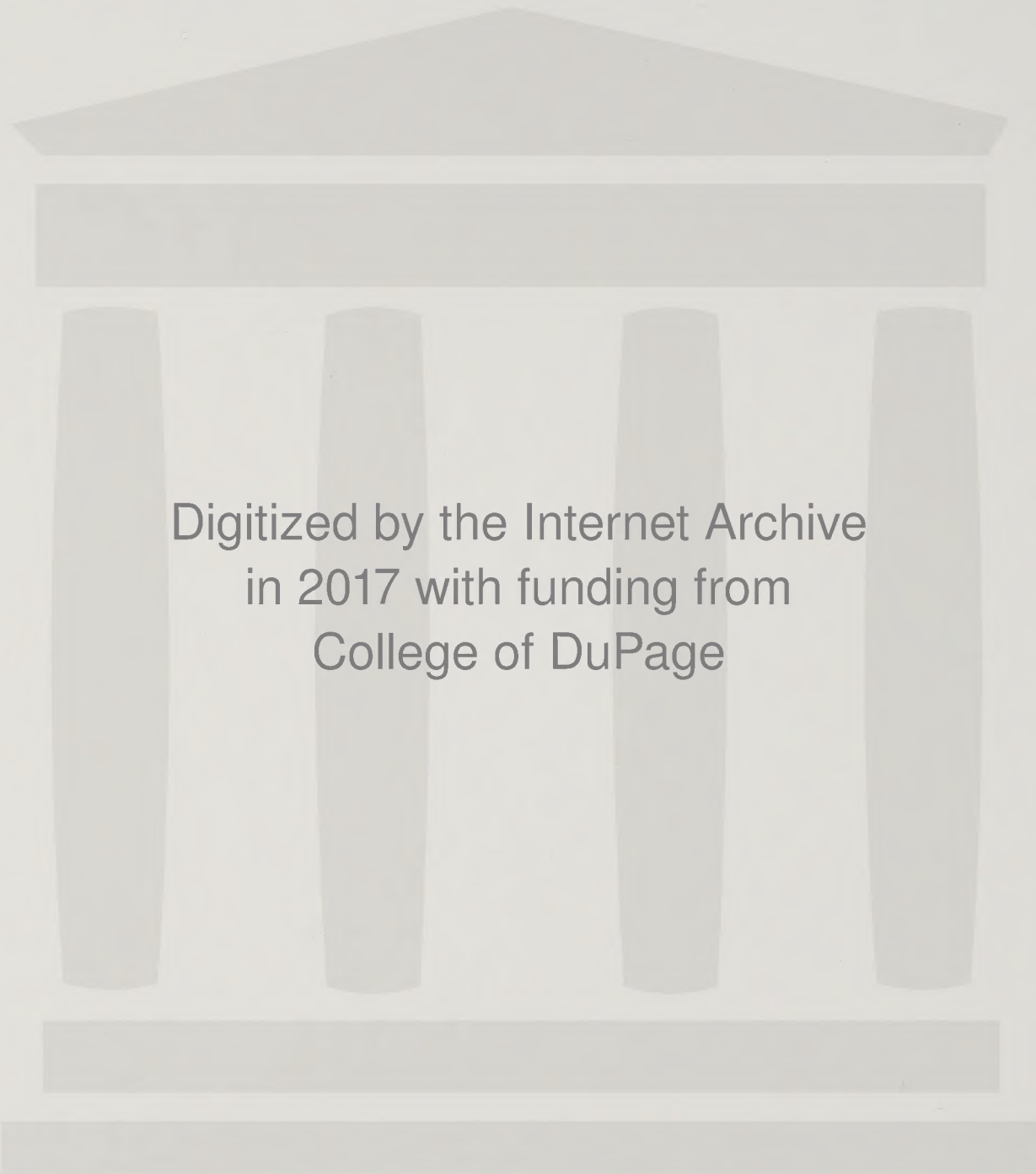


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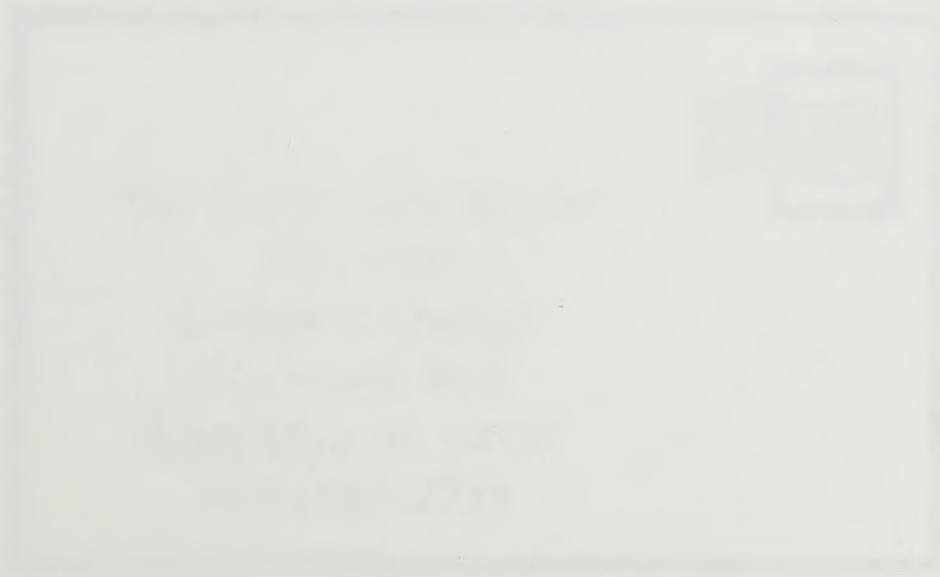




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THE FRANKLIN LIGHT
REVIEW

Aspirations



THE PRAIRIE LIGHT REVIEW



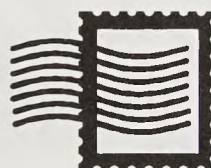
2001 First Place winner of the
Community College Humanities Association's
Literary Magazine Competition
Central Division

The Prairie Light Review welcomes original short fiction, poetry, short drama, essays, photographs, and illustrations from students, faculty, staff, and the District 502 community. All submissions must adhere to the guidelines and be accompanied by a letter of authenticity. Submissions are reviewed anonymously by the editorial board.

All authors, photographers, and artists who submit will receive a copy of the magazine via mail.

Address submissions and all correspondence to:

The Prairie Light Review
SRC 1558
College of DuPage
425 Fawell Blvd.
Glen Ellyn, IL 60137
(630) 942-2733



Editor's Note

I would like to thank Gloria Golec, Rita Puishes, the staff, and all the faculty here at the College of DuPage for their help and confidence in me, and for giving me the chance as editor for *The Prairie Light Review*. I would also like to extend my gratitude to all the authors and artist that submitted their work. You have made my first time as editor a very enjoyable one. I hope that I have been able to continue with the tradition of an award-winning publication.

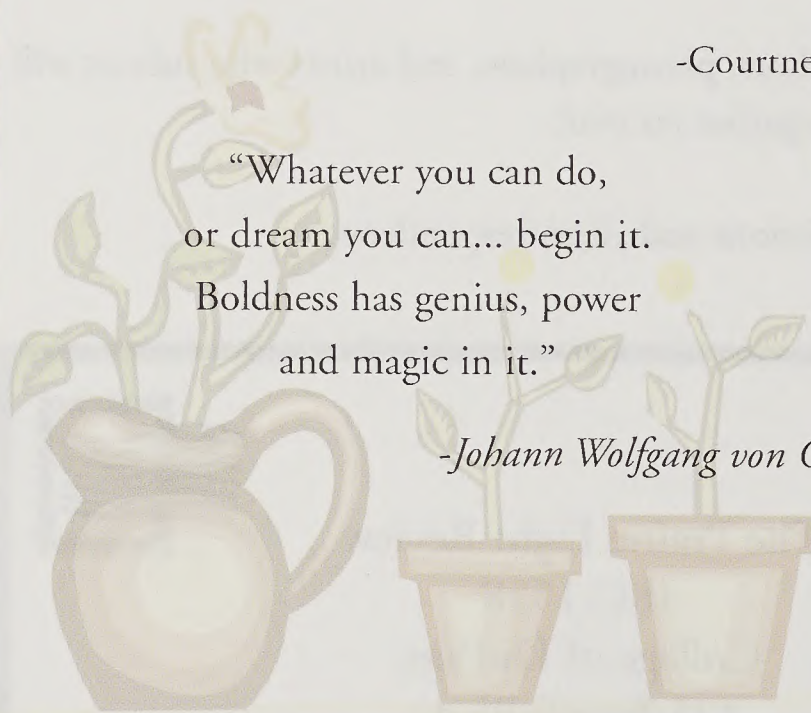
The Prairie Light Review has given me the chance to share my work with others for the first time, and I hope that I was able to give other new authors or artists the same chance and happiness. This experience has left me with a new confidence and a greater determination to achieve my dreams.

Thank you for giving me this opportunity.

-Courtney

"Whatever you can do,
or dream you can... begin it.
Boldness has genius, power
and magic in it."

-Johann Wolfgang von Goethe



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"Only the Ginkos Flew that Day in September,"
by Tania Blanco

Once again we extend our gratitude to Meri Phillips and the Student Activities Staff, Jan Geesaman, and Susan Schmult for their continued support and cooperation. We also extend our gratitude to the faculty judges who graciously donated their time and expertise.

Spring/Summer 2002
Volume XXII Number 2

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A New Leaf

by Dylan Hoffman

Dew of decadence rest upon leaves
Whose veins ripe with enmity
Absorb the crimson sea.
Thunderous winds from horns
Permeate the drums of gullible
Pawns; cringing towards an
Averse limb while shattered
Branches drown in detriment.
Roots with a poisoned past
Protrude, infecting the surface
Of our soil; seeds of innocence
May grow as amaranth,
Nourished by our able hands.
Silently, loud voices ensure
These leaves will Fall.



An Intimate Look at Nature



Courtney Campbell

Photograph

Listen My Request

by Dorian Duka

Give me a pen to write
What I feel right now
Surrounded from the girls
And the bottles of wine
Give me one more chance
To tell you who I am
To open my heart to you
My old friend
Give me one more life
So I may taste more
The beauties of the nature
And the presents of love
Give me some money
Which I can spend
Night in the bars
Together with my friends
Give me some time
To find a comfortable bed
Where I may lay myself
When I'll meet death
Please fulfill my request
And listen to what I said
Now I am not ready
For the trip to hell

Opening Night at Carnegie Hall

by Patricia Petros

Black and white predominate
and silence
then
violins introduce the theme
two dozen arms bowing taut strings
carrying the melody
up
up
steadying drumbeats accompany
oboes, clarinets, french horns, trombones,
giving off sparks of gold
theme repeated
with variations
by trumpets' tongue-spritzed pizzicato
vibrato--mounting to a crescendo
until
the conductor's arm falls.
Silence
then
thunderous applause.



Drowning

by Jaclyn Wochos

Drowning in the
Vases water
For the petals have died
Alone
Long ago
Crumpled up
Without a trace of color
Shriveling together
Yearning for something more
One breaks off
And falls
Slowly spinning silent
Forever downward
Just like the girl
The petal finally hits the desk
And seems to shatter
But she doesn't notice
In the corner
With the blade so close
She is the flower
Nearly dead
Yet still dying

Languid Angel



Rosemary DiNardo

Aquatint

In the dream years

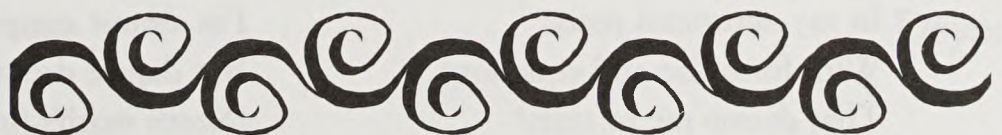
by Ruth Goring

In the dream years
silver rained its grief
over bowed heads, shoulders.
In the dream twilight
green words littered my path
like shards of glass.
Strange & forgotten
bones appeared in the woods,
too clean for branches. Straining
against thunder, frightened
hearts paced like great cats.
Your footfalls marked off
my nights' boundaries; waking
I breathed you, starving &
bewildered in the broken light.

REALIZATIONS

by Melysa Curtis

Bars the color of slate
Scream to me
Dare me to enter
I come in
Locked behind me
The dreams of the past
Here, the hopes of the future
Hopes of midnight blue
Dreams of golden yellow
Each are pieces of me
I walk down the hall
There it sits
Opened to a page
A book
I pick up the book
Rough and leathery
Stinging tears begin to fall
The salty water burns my cheeks
This book is my life
And I know
That there are
Pages
To still
Be



Is "F" for Function or Failure?

by Rita Puishes

If "F" is for function,
Then "g" I don't get.
Algebra is pea soup
I heartily regret.

Where is that stuff
I struggled to employ;
Formulae I memorized
And had no time to enjoy?

Of what use are conjugates,
Slopes and quadratic plans
If mind can't grasp them, and
Tempers *all* that expands?

This old brain can't twist
As nimbly as you wish,
It rebukes and rebels,
Says I'm dumb as a fish!

To calibrate engines
Simply isn't the plan.
I'm merely a writer,
Don't you understand?

"F" is for flunk
At geometry I'm no good
And I've had it to here,
Am I understood?

Why make me suffer
In my autumnal years
With formulae and equations
That shame me to tears?

"G" is for grapes
Sour as they can get,
Self-pity's my mood,
And angry? You bet!

Who gives a fig if a
Number's complex or real?
When the answer's all wrong,
Stupidity's all that I feel!

Arithmetic is fine-
Love it to pieces-
But math's high hurdles is
Where gray muscle freezes.

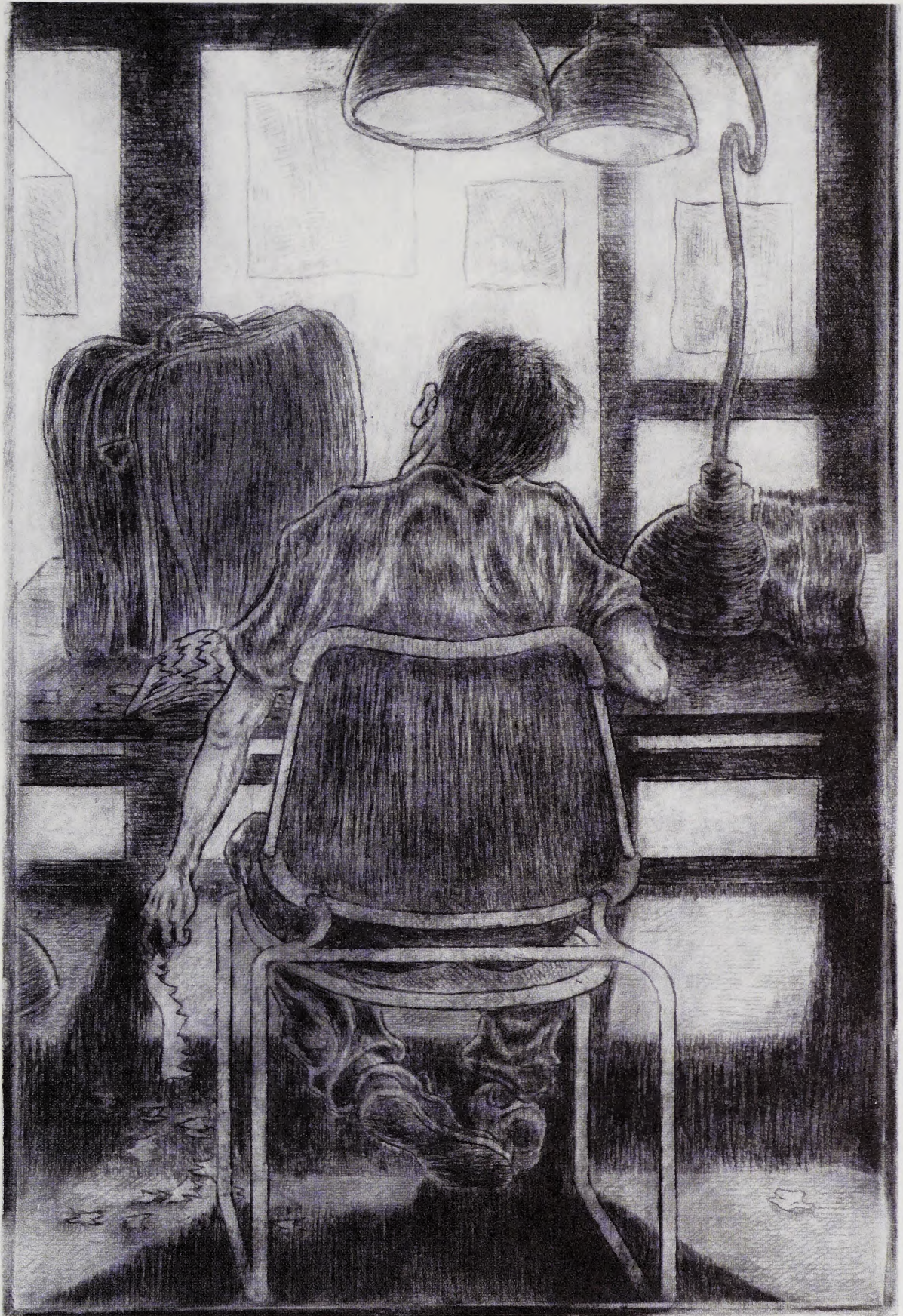
An AA degree *was* that goal.
But math's grating voice
Sneers, "Impossible, Imbecile
You've no brain nor choice!"

"F" is for failure
Depressed and dejected,
And far, far worse-
No more self-respected.

"F" is also for fig,
Which I *just don't give*,
If I ever use math again
As long as I live!

I *am not* stupid,
I'm almost certain,
But degree dreams are dust
'Neath math's final curtain.

"Study in Frustration (I)"



John Hankiewicz

Drypoint

New Language

by Anna Kathrin Weber

Oh, I loved my new language from the very first beginning. What a wonderful playground! I jumped in it like a baby dog. All these sounds and words and sentences and they are so patient with me, much more than any toy might be.

Once, I wanted to study Russian because I was so impressed by all these important Russian writers, like Dostojewski and Tolstoi. And also because I imagined it so exciting if a friend would have asked me to go to the movies and I would have been able to say: "Tomorrow? Oh, I'm sorry, but on Tuesdays I always have my Russian lessons." Wouldn't that have been something? What happened was that we didn't like each other, Russian and me. It was dark, important, heavy. Every time I did my homework I had this strange feeling, like Stalin himself was looking over my shoulder.

Then I was taken by French. But French is so sophisticated, and let's face it, even a little arrogant. I am not sophisticated at all and probably I am too naive, so - no chance, this language didn't suit me either. Even German would not be a language for me, if luck wouldn't have it had, that I was born in Germany. I mean, seriously, how can I like a language where a funny, multicolored, zippy something is called Schmetterling? Try to say it loud: Schmetterling. It sounds as big and heavy as Rhinoceros, doesn't it? But of course in German they call all the little butterflies by that name.

But English, ah English! All these nice little words like *cozy*, and *tiny*, and *flimsy*, and *ladybug*, and *hummingbird*, and *giggle*, and *grumble* and, of course *daisy*...How can anyone not love these words? *Cozy*, melts like Peanut Butter on my tongue. It is comfortable like my granny's house, it is about tea and muffins and old pictures. It is soft and furry and its color is beige or light-grey or maybe a broken white.

Grumble is a grandfather, *mousy* looks out of its whole with big eyes, *tiny* is pink, and *flimsy* is china with a rose décor on it and a golden brim. Even *grubby* and *shabby* do sound like nice words, if you don't have to live in a house like that. *Plush* is wine-red and too expensive for me, *smile* is better than *smirk*.

Sometimes I just open my dictionary and start to read: *sluice* - *slum* - *slump* - *slung* - *slunk* - *slur* - *slurp* - *slush* - *slut* - *sly* - *smack*! Isn't that a poem by itself?

We are getting on so well together, my English and me. English is as nice and comfortable as my pale blue tennis shoes. English has my color and is my size. I think every person has a language he or she is born for and not necessarily does it have to be one's mother tongue. Maybe yours is Swahili, who knows?

Grease Monkeys



Lindsay Erwin

Photograph

Don't you want to go window-shopping with
me?

by Todd Swiss

down the avenue
full of the people
the cars
the rush
i want to be there
with you
looking at all of the displays
laughing and
connecting
with each other
and the merchandise
showcased in the windows.



Vietnam Memorial: Mirror of Life and Death

by Mary Ellen Durbin

Looking up
I walk
 down
 down
 down
Into the valley of death
 down
 down
 down
Bearing the yoke of our grief
I walk
 down
 down
 down
into the well of our loss
 the loss of our certainty
 the loss of our innocence
 the loss of our youth

Looking up
 in the book of loss
I take down the names of our most personal loss:
 Kent Erickson William Madsen
 1968 1969

Looking up
I scan
the granite landscape and I find Kent
 no longer blonde and eager to carry his M-16
 just his name, frozen in granite
 rock-hardened in our memory at 19
 “He’d be 53 now,” I say

Looking up
I see myself in the mirror of life and death
 connecting us across
 the chasm that can never be bridged.

Looking up
I see my redemption
 in remembering
 in forgiving



IL Milagros-Del Famatore (The Smoker)



Joan Fleige

Wood Cut Print

Old Timer

by Robert Gockman

Prologue:

He recalls Dizzy Dean's pitching record better than what he had for breakfast this morning. He dotes on Comisky Park and the streetcars that brought him there in 1928. He enjoys going to 35th Street to look at the new stadium, but won't go inside. He lives in the past better than the present and has more years behind him than whatever lies ahead.

He had several close calls
But none that he answered
Two strokes brushed him by
But none "done him in."
He mixes his genders
With "he's, she's and babies"
But I know what he means
When recalling his kin.

Babe Ruth, the slugger
Adorns his back entrance
His hero of old
When baseball was "it"
His sole avocation
Was his interest in baseball
And he played throughout life
With a worn fielders mitt

His wife tried to set him
A course he could follow
But his habits were formed
A long time ago
Ambition and money
Were not things he could fathom;
They eluded his grasp
Like a wild over-throw

He's prepaid on his gravesite
His service - his ending
He fears not the Umpire
The last inning - his call
He only wishes
That heaven can promise
For his last reward
He still can play ball.



Art and Alienation

by Jenny McBride

Do you have to smoke cigarettes
to be an art student?
Against the barren urban background
The young woman on the art school steps
looks so soft and healing
and sad.

Living in a world alienated from life
Artists tell their story
in pictures to make them whole
to fill the space between us
and splint the alienation.

By the empty fountain
A pair of mallards waits for water
A seasonal sculpture, it's not working
And though it's only March
she's eating for twelve
mopping morsels tossed
by artists gleeful
over his iridescent green head.

Our Brother



Jean Drury

Collagraph

Nameless, Worthless?

by Jaclyn Wochos

Kneeling down

Face smothered in the mud

Like an innocent child

She's trying to pray

But the force and the pain

Relentless behind her

Fingers gripping gravely

Into the ground

Nameless

Worthless

Things taught to her

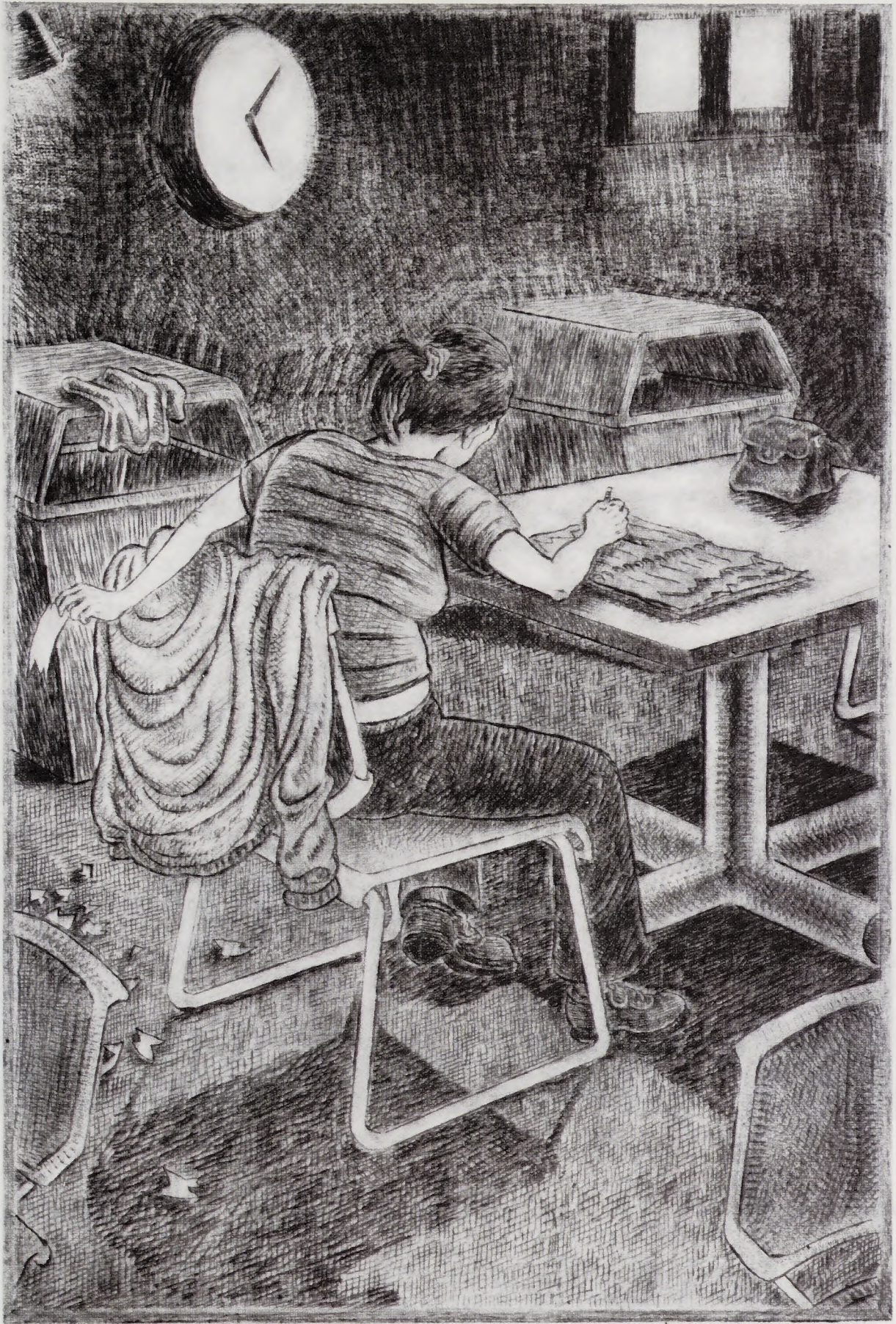
Since birth

But she's faced the right way

So she'll pray

Till they're done.

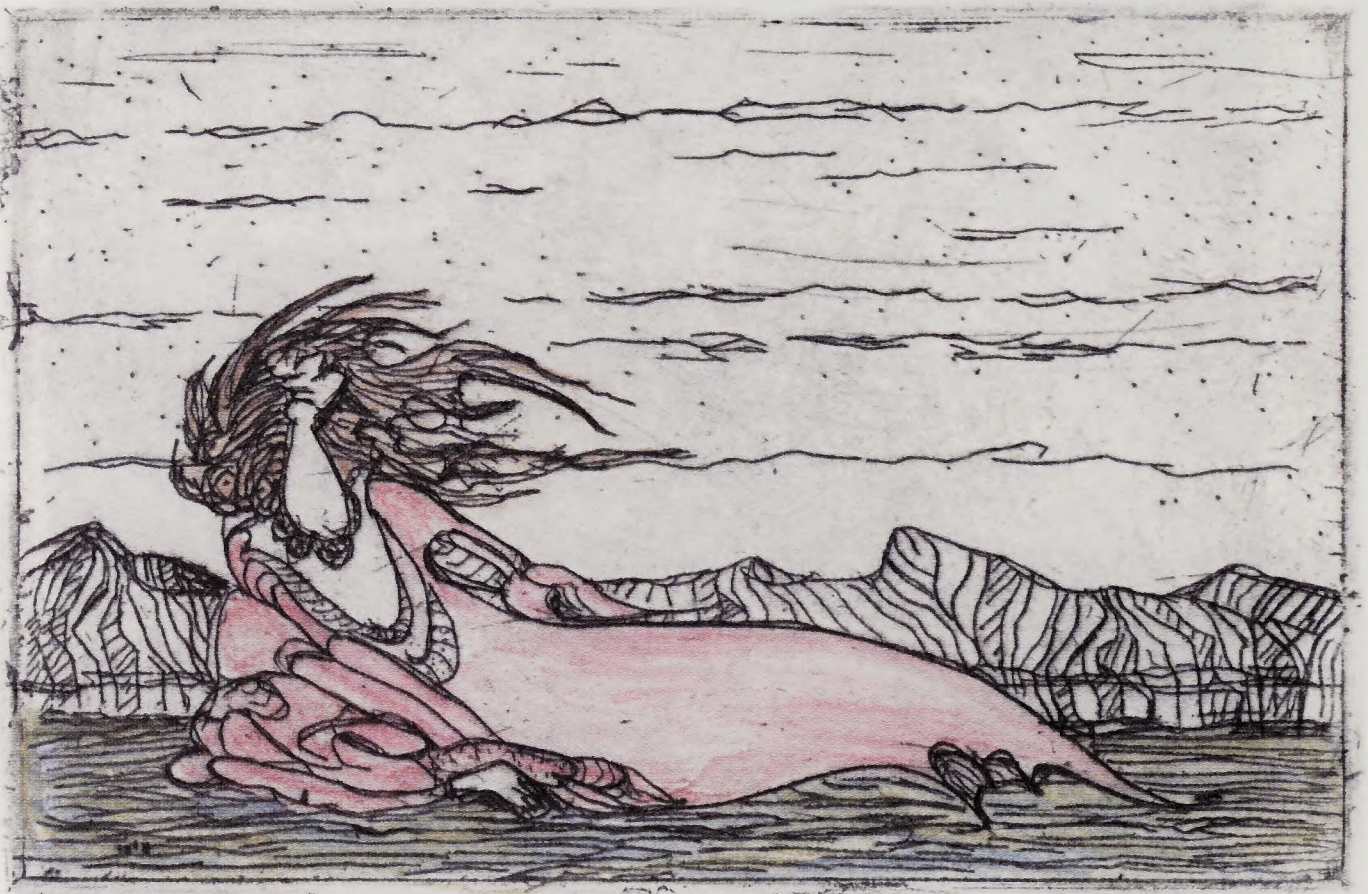
Study in Frustration II



John Hackiewicz

Drypoint

Imagine A Woman...



Jean Drury

Etching

Drought Summer

by Margarete Cantrall

We wiped daily dust deserts from window sills.
Worms baked into strange alphabets on sidewalks.
The slough dried into hexagons of gray.
Frogs forgot to sing.
Our vines wore raisins that never had been grapes.
We made no wine.



Naive Love (London, England - 1944)

by Todd Swiss

secret lovers in room #237
become as one,
while the ground shakes from nazi bombings.
A loving housewife prepares dinner for her husband...
arriving soon
from room #237

Six Steel Strings

by Kerry Kraftner

Simple they are, sleek, strong, of different size
Each made precisely without compromise
Stretched tightly over a wooden drum
In parallel fashion attached, there to strum

Once the hands of the artist begins to glide
Across the frets both narrow and wide
Such passion and strength jumps from his hands
Energy flowing from each of the strands

Classical, Jazz, R&B, Rock and Roll
Country, Bossa Nova, Pop, Rap and Soul
All of these varying tempos and more
Sometimes played gently, sometimes as a roar

Odd, how hearing notes played in sequence
Can bring to mind people, places, events
Memories tapped by the notes as they're played
Congers up pictures so vastly arrayed

Of parties and concerts, records and tapes
Of discos and dance halls and clothes and of dates
Of youth or a romance, a relationship frayed
A wish not granted, a promise not made

Our best friends and pals, our schools and our cars,
Recalled with perfection when we hear certain bars
Sounds and beats differ for each generation
But common is melancholy, enjoyment, elation

Steel strings when wound to perfect tension
Can bring forth music of sweet dimension
Curious the memories each song brings
Such power and beauty from six steel strings

Night



Rosemary DiNardo

Aquatint

Das Mädchen

(with apologies to Jamaica Kincaid)

by Rita Puishes

Sterilize the shiny silver milk pails and giant bottles for feeding the calves in the morning; throw a blizzard of corn to the chickens after school; jerk the eggs from beneath the cranky hens and wash them before dinner; and this is how you turn pie crust trimmings into cinnamon treats; even when invited, don't call elders by their first names; did you sneak your Reader home and lie to your teacher when you forgot to take it back?; this is where the ripest wild blackberries loom in the brightest sunshine; don't tell lies if you don't like the taste of soap; books siphon you away until only touch startles you back; how was I to know a lie felt until I found I was no good at it?; keep your mouth closed while you chew, you are not a cow; take a small helping of everything that is served-whether you like it or not-and a clean plate is the only pass that will free you from camping at the table until bedtime; alum cannot help the warts lying puts on your tongue; young ladies wear dresses because they are dainty and they do not shoot purees; cat's eyes, and boulders in the mud with boys; overlooked food found on dishes will ensure that you redry every dish in the cupboard; and this is how to make cherry winks, spritz cookies, and fruit cakes for Christmas; good clothes are for school and church, patched dungarees are only for chores and play; murmurs resound inside a church and you should never say "give a little, take a little" while holding the collection plate!; persistent reading

while setting the table will ensure that you forget to put something out; liars are cowards who lack the courage to face the consequences truth requires; and this is how to frost your father's favorite chocolate cake; young ladies do not curse and they definitely don't sit Indian style while they're wearing dresses; you should never accept money from neighbors for kindnesses you do-even if the iron did scald your hand; people don't trust occasional truths when they spill from a liar's mouth; your recall of one past mistake rival an elephant's, can't your nostrils detect the new honeysuckle of truths surrounding me?; men prefer ladies who know more about cooking grease than axle grease; red and pink may be favored colors, but they clash when worn together; you will surely break something if you vacuum and read at the same time; and this is how to make hospital corners when you change the bed linens; men prefer ladies who tinker in kitchens, not garages; and this is how to prewash white clothes in cold water before you bleach them in hot; lies will turn on you as viciously as any mistreated animal; and this is how you might knead dough if it weren't for the motor oil under your fingernails; a bathroom is not totally clean until the pipes behind the toilet have been polished too; it is unseemly for ladies to play football-especially tackle; learning to sew a straight seam becomes easier when you concentrate on more than the need to escape it; husbands prefer wives who drive cars, not dismantle them; ladies who shun cooking lessons don't serve succulent meals-did you finally read a cookbook? You know the truth!



Morning Commute



Brenda Jones

Photograph

A Pilgrimage Toward Progression

by Patrick Kampmeyer

Street signs
like monuments.
Or eulogies.

Little compensation for
lost lives.
Or memories.
My tire swing has become
a cubicle.
Or carpal tunnel.

The plow and hay bale
are lawn care.
Or snow removal.

Poetry is written with
archaic pencil.
Must use typewriter.
Or magic box.

Only stairs to climb now.
But the future
is our friend.
Or not.



Dandelion Fields

by Colleen Klein

Sometimes I want to run away from the world,
And jump into a field of dandelions, where butterflies roam.
I want the butterflies to circle me in nature.

In this wild field,
I am untouched by the critical world.
I am one with nature and myself.

Picking at the dandelions,
Making disasters with my childishness.
My feet turn yellow from walking through people's dreams.

Am I really here?
Or do I travel among the pollen?
Yes, I am floating in the breeze.

Traveling the world and not even knowing it.

Lilies X 4



Carol Schimel

Digital Image

Radiant Rays of Sunlight Pierce My Skin

by Dylan Hoffman

Radiant rays of sunlight pierce my skin.
Moonlight vibrantly glows surrounding me
With your soul - everything that lies within.
The vast sea of your eyes allows my heart to see
The beauty in this world that embraces
Our lives with endless overflowing love.
I feel our spirits among the faces
Of angels, I hear a voice from above.
If I had not these vital senses I possess,
Or if I knew not what this life could be,
Somehow I know that I will always be blessed.
For I have the light of your love to guide me.

Long after the sun and moon refuse to rise,
Our souls
will be one in the
infinite skies.



ISSAC

by Jenny McBride

In the tutoring room
Where I was trying to make
The alphabet and numbers
 a little more familiar
Issac could hear his mother's company
Through the transitional walls.

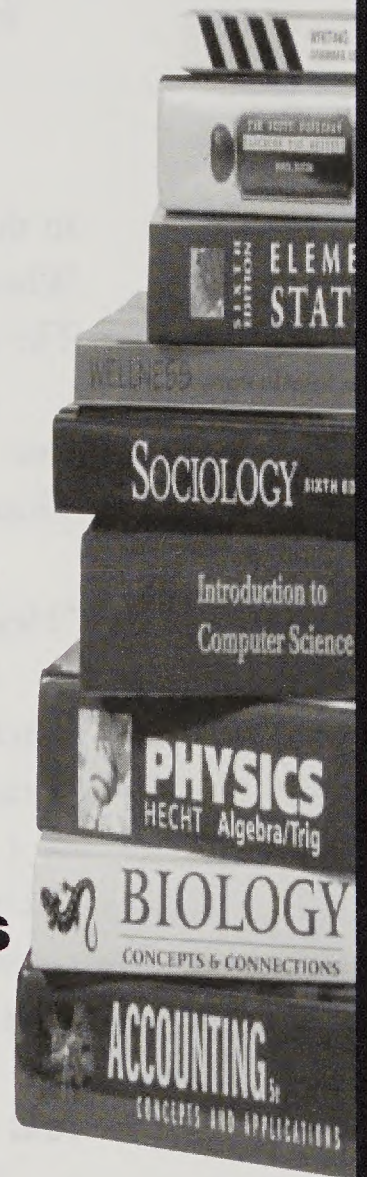
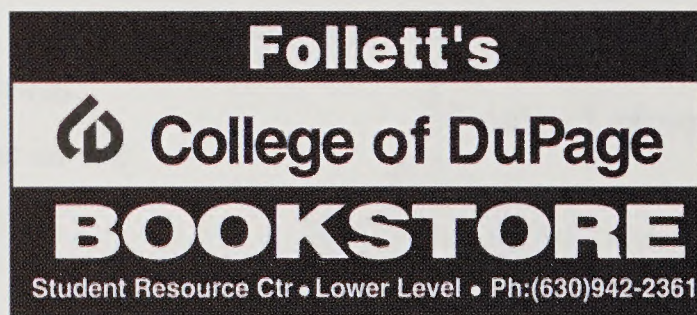
"Hear that? That's my cousin,"
 he told me
watching upside-down cards.
"I can't hear him. I don't hear very well,"
 I added.
"I can hear black people and white people,"
 he announced matter-of-factly,
"But you can only hear white people."

And then, an afterthought:
 "He speaks English."

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